Beautiful All the Same

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Beautiful All the Same

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

If Will Graham's Encephalitis came upon him when he was younger, and he met Dr. Lecter earlier, what would happen?

Will influences Dr. Lecter's decisions. Those decisions have lasting effects on both of them. Good or bad is for you to decide.

Notes

-Based this off of some art on Tumblr. Link is below.

-This fic is finished. I wrote the whole thing today. I will be posting the chapters maybe once a day. Depending on reception, another chapter might me posted today.

-Alternate Universe for a reason, so some people are there originally, others aren't. No Murder Family. Sorry.

-Will is in better control of himself in the future, so he's different. More sassy.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Hannibal AU-Art by graciousfacetious
- Inspired by AU Art by Ghaztly

Chapter 1

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“Hello, Mr. Graham, my name is Hannibal Lecter. I’m overseeing your son for the time being.”

The man was scruffy. Obviously middle aged just from the look of him. He had a thick, brown beard that was brushed well. It made him seem a lot cleaner in appearance. His eyes were grey, and he had a dark tan, with smile lines on his face.

Any other time, Hannibal was certain the man would be cheerful. But his son was in the E.R. and there was nothing fun about that.

Bill Graham offered his hand in greeting, and Hannibal remembered to give a firm shake. The man had a subtle power about himself.

Controlled.

“Do you have any idea what's wrong with my boy?” the man asked, his words mixing slightly in what Hannibal would assume was a southern drawl. Though he’d only ever been to Mississippi, and that was just for a week long conference, so he wasn’t sure.

“I do, however I would like to get a list of your observations before I make any claims. If you don’t mind.”

Bill Graham sighed. “It began with the wanderin’. I’d hear the door open and find him walkin’ outside in his pajamas. Eyes mostly closed. He gets nightmares. He started talkin’ about headaches and seeing double or triple, a few months ago. I started givin’ his some Aspirin to deal with it. He began forgettin’ after that. Claim he blinked and found himself somewhere new.”

The man shrugged. “Started sayin’ that he felt like he was ‘slippin’ away’ and ‘meltin’’.”

Hannibal was making notes. He’d scented the boy’s illness immediately and to have his father confirm his assumptions was good. Also sad. That someone so young was already

experiencing such trauma at such a young age.

“Did anything traumatic happen to him recently?”

Bill Graham sent him an odd look, but nodded. “In our last residence, one of the neighbors was murdered and their body was left outside the house. Will was taken into custody when he went down to the station to tell them who the killer was. They thought that because he knew so much, that he was involved.

“Dr. Lecter, my boy is special. He sees things others can’t. Some doctor a while back said something about ‘too many mirror neurons’ and bein’ able to take the position of others and feel what they feel. Pure Empathy. Will’s like a detective. He’s made a game of solvin’ murders. Reads the paper to see who did what crime. He always manages to get it right, weeks before the culprit is caught.”

If Hannibal had been interested before, he certainly was now.

“We talked about it, and he said that he can’t stop it. It makes him uncomfortable with people, seein’ things about them when they make eye contact. Someone tried to say he’s Autistic.” Bill scoffed and rolled his eyes. “Will isn’t developmentally challenged, he just doesn’t like people. He’s got Social Anxiety Disorder.”

Hannibal nodded. The boy had an active imagination that worked in tandem with his Empathy disorder. He found himself drawn to murder scenes, and had probably envisioned himself committing the murders he was revealing.

It was an interesting thought.

“Well, Mr. Graham, I have strong suspicion that your son has Encephalitis. He’ll need to be taken in for an MRI soon. He is still unconscious. Hopefully we can diagnose the problem before he awakens. They wanted to give him a CT first, but MRI’s save time and energy because the results are better.”

Bill Graham frowned. “How much is this goin’ to cost? We have no health insurance.”

That was a problem. An MRI done on the brain was considerably more expensive than one that would be done on an injured ankle.

However, Will Graham was a bright child according to his father. Intelligent.

“What does your son want to do with his life?” asked Hannibal, knowing that his question might seem strange.

“He’s talked about bein’ a homicide detective a few times. Other times he wants to be a teacher. Usually somethin’ that has to do with catchin’ murderers.”

It could be risky, but Hannibal was just so interested.

Physical touch enforced human interaction. Hannibal placed a hand on the man’s shoulder in a symbol of calm and support. “I’d hate to see someone so gifted, losing a chance at good

health. I'll handle it."

He turned away before Bill Graham could comment.

He could afford everything easily. And most of all, he wanted to see Will Graham at his best.

Will?

The voice was distant and he didn't recognize it. Nothing in this darkness was familiar.

Like he was under water. Like he was drowning. He always felt like he was drowning.

Will?

That strange voice. An accent he'd never heard before.

"Will?"

His cold had was suddenly warm.

"Will?"

Before him floated a… creature. A being that was emaciated in form, skin black as pitch. The eyes almost white. Antlers branched out from the crown of the head. The face was angular.

Will blinked, and the vision distorted for a second, becoming a man with sharp cheekbones, and a kind smile on his face.

The man and monster jumped back and forth.

"Will?"

Their mouths were moving. Saying his name.

Slowly, the man's form remained, and a bright light enveloped his frame. Bright white.

A warmth on his head had him glancing upward, seeing an arm.

"Hello, Will," the man said, his kind smile never failing. "I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

Will Graham was only fifteen years old. Small and thin at the moment, with dark curls that flopped at the slightest movement. He was cute.

Like a poodle. Though Hannibal had never wanted to pet a poodle before.

Hannibal quietly and carefully explained the boy's situation, watching as his face scrunched up and his mood depleted as the seconds passed.

"We can't afford it," the boy murmured, staring down at his hands.

“Your father has already been made aware that the situation is being handled.”

Will Graham’s head snapped up. “Do you often pay your patients’ bills?”

What a clever boy.

Hannibal spared an amused smile. “You are a treasure, Will. It would be a shame to see you buried.” *So soon*, he mentally added.

The boy ducked his head again, the flush working its way up his face.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Please, Will, call me Hannibal.”

Hannibal was looking forward to their acquaintance, however long or short it may be.

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will's last day in the hospital.

Chapter Notes

The first chapter got a good response. Thanks!

You should totally check out the art that inspired this fic! I loved it!

Will is effin brilliant.

A/N: Hello, people!

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ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Will sat up, his head only minutely spinning now. He'd been in the hospital three weeks so far, and he was finally feeling better.

Three weeks of eating disgusting things that shouldn't even be classified as food. Three weeks of nurses coming in and out. Three weeks of only seeing his dad a few times because the man had to work and Will wasn't going to make him miss out.

Today was his last day. His father was set to pick him up around five, meaning he had to wile the day away by himself.

Dr. Lecter had been really kind and considerate, which Will wasn't used to. The man had bought him a crossword to work on, as well as a book on Ted Bundy. And if that kindness wasn't enough, the man paid Will's hospital bill and had him set up in a nice room.

Also, the man had told him that there was nothing wrong with having an Empathy disorder. That he was fine just as he was and that he should never try to change for other people. They 'weren't worth his time' if they tried to change him.

Will liked that. Dr. Lecter didn't make fun of his anxiety or lack of interest in associating with people. He simply told Will that it was *his* decision to grant people his attention, not the other way around. And if he didn't feel like it, then he shouldn't do it.

Among other things the man had done for him, he told Will to always take pride in his accomplishments. No matter how big or small they seemed. 'Pride in oneself begets confidence'. Will *wanted* confidence.

The door opened, startling him from his thoughts. It was Dr. Lecter. The man was bedecked in a brown suit, that had thin, salmon colored stripes. He wasn't wearing his white coat yet. In his hands was a large bag. Fancy from the look of it.

The man had money.

Dr. Lecter smiled at him, a genuine kindness in his eyes. Will watched how the man spoke to other people. To his dad, he was politely disinterested, to the nurses, he was politely short. To his fellow doctors, he was clinically polite. To Will, he was like a statue come to life, while still polite.

He seemed to find Will the most interesting thing in the hospital. Will didn't understand why, but he would admit in the deepest recesses of his heart, that he was flattered all the same.

"Good afternoon, Will. I brought you lunch."

"You didn't have to get me anything," said Will shyly.

"I know."

Lecter set the bag on the bed and began removing fancy containers Will hadn't even dreamed of using before. Glass instead of plastic. It would explain the thick bag used for transportation. More protection.

A nurse came in, smiling brightly. "You lucky boy! Dr. Lecter's food is the best! You'll love it!"

Lecter spared a small smile for the woman.

"It smells delicious," Will volunteered, saving the man from having to pretend to like her company.

Lecter sent him an admiring grin, which had him ducking his head again.

"Thank you, Will." He proceeded to pull the table closer to the bed and set it up as it Will was about to dine at a five star restaurant. Complete with a napkin holder as well.

The bowl was large, and steaming.

“Silkie chicken in a broth. A black-boned bird prized in China for its medicinal values since the 7th century. Wolfberries, ginseng, ginger, red dates, and star anise.”

Hannibal poured a cup of what smelled like hot chocolate. In perfect French, he said, “Bon appétit.”

“You made me chicken soup?”

Will smiled what Hannibal’s shoulders stiffened a bit and the man sent him an almost disbelieving stare. He was slightly annoyed, judging by the set of his jaw, but Will’s broad grin had his stiff posture softening a bit. “Yes.”

Hannibal liked luxury and pomp. So referring to his fancy meal as simply ‘chicken soup’ had to have been a blow to the pride. Still, it was kind of funny. The man didn’t seem to know how amusing he was. Will didn’t feel like telling him either. That was a secret for Will only.

The man gestured for him to begin, and Will bent over the bowl, spearing a piece of chicken with the fork provided. It was good. The chicken came apart easily, and there was a richness to the broth that warmed him inside as it trailed down his esophagus.

Like it was hugging his throat. Odd imagery, but true nonetheless.

He gave an appreciative hum and scooped some more broth with a spoon.

“Thank you, Dr. Lecter.”

The man smiled. “After that, I made a small, special dessert for you. To celebrate your last day here.”

Lecter proceeded to pull a chair over to the other side of the table, and sit.

They took their meal in silence.

It was the best meal Will ever had.

Will fingered the book in his hands. With a pen, he’d doodled a few pictures on the backs of some blank pages. One was of how he’d seen Dr. Lecter when he’d first opened his eyes. It was a startling thing, but it seemed to fit the man so well. Inhuman almost. Unnatural to normal folk, yet comfortably his own being.

His father was waiting by the door, but Will wanted…

Summoning his courage, Will pulled the picture from his book and rushed on over to Hannibal’s side in order to present it.

The man turned to smile at him, and accepted the offering.

“This is how I see you,” Will told him. “Beneath your person suit. Striking and terrifying, yet beautiful all the same.”

Will only maintained eye contact for a few seconds, before he felt overwhelmed. He gave a quick bow and hurried away. Let the man take it as he wanted.

Hannibal Lecter couldn't keep his mind off the drawing all day. It weighed heavily in his pocket for hours, taunting him. Calling to him. Demanding his attention.

Only when he'd gotten home and was seated in his study with a glass of wine in hand, was he able to pull it out and look it over with full appreciation.

Will's words rang through his memory palace.

'This is how I see you. Beneath your person suit. Striking and terrifying, yet beautiful all the same.'

It was a well crafted piece of art, especially since it was only done with a pen filled with black ink. Yet Will had managed to shade it perfectly, applying different pressure to the pen itself. He probably switched ways to hold it too.

'Person suit', was what the boy had called it. He'd drawn Hannibal the way he saw the man beneath it.

Hannibal was certain that no one had ever come as close to truly knowing him or understanding him, as Will Graham did in those few weeks. The revelation was startling, yet amazing at the same time.

The boy had a bright(or rather dark) future ahead of him. His skills would be beneficial to *anything* he set his mind to.

If Hannibal ever saw him again… he didn't even know what he would do.

Still, Will Graham had sparked some interest in him. An interest in more than just being a surgeon that worked in the E.R..

Perhaps it was time to change careers into something more worthwhile. Something that gave him a new playground to venture into. Something fun.

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

{TIME SKIP 13 YEARS!}

Chapter Notes

Will is a little morally dubious. By that I mean, he's effin morally dubious!

A/N: Hello, people!

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I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Will felt immensely proud of himself. Not many people managed to become and FBI Academy instructors at the age of twenty-eight. The fact was, he was around the same age as some of his students, or younger than some of them, but was infinitely smarter.

Will had considered becoming a cop for a while. When he was younger he had wanted to go into law enforcement. And then he was arrested unlawfully and decided that it wasn't worth his time. Also, he didn't want to go door to door and do interviews if he could help it, and have to pull people over. That was more dangerous than being a teacher.

Teaching others how to catch the killers was his main objective. And he didn't have to become friends with anyone in order to do it! Will simply spoke to them and they listened. Being a teacher was so much easier on his mentality than being a cop would be, he was certain. Though the papers were hell.

Recently, a new killer had sprung up. One that the BAU was calling the Chesapeake Ripper, because this killer took organs from his kills. Now, Will would have considered

a much better name, because the man behind the art - and truly, it was beautiful in a grotesque way - was doing more than taking organs.

It was a system. None of the murders were related beyond who committed them. The Ripper had different kills. He didn't discriminate by gender or race, or religion. The man simply chose them for reasons personal to himself.

And yes, Will had easily determined that it was a man behind the murders. Unlike the BAU who simply *assumed* it was a man, Will actually profiled him first to make sure.

None of the victims knew each other. None of them had anything in common. Yet the Ripper chose to kill them because he viewed them as disgusting pigs. They didn't know him, but he knew *them* in some way.

Jack Crawford, Head of the BAU, had enlisted the aid of a trainee from another class. Miriam Lass. She was a brilliant student. Certainly smart enough to build a good profile on the Ripper, but Will didn't like the thought of bringing her into something when legally she should not be involved in it. Yes, she was five years his senior and had more experience in some areas than he, but she was only a trainee and it was illegal to bring trainees into big cases.

Though it wasn't as if Will was a stunning example of following the law, but still. His moral compass was a little skewed perhaps.

So he picked a few pockets in his life, keyed the car(and stole the motor) of the man who killed his dad, shoplifted a few times when necessary, and deliberately got a rapist to drive off a cliff when he was pretending to give directions. He still had particular views about involving innocents in such dangerous situations.

Any of his illegal actions involved non-innocents, so he felt no guilt.

Unable to help himself, Will intervened one day, when he saw Jack Crawford leading Lass down the corridor near his classroom.

"You do realize that you cannot involve her in this because she is a trainee, right?" Will asked bluntly. Will was good at being blunt. It took years for him to be comfortable with it, and now, he was a master at making others uncomfortable.

Crawford and Lass both sputtered and looked to each other, obviously shocked that he noticed anything was going on.

"I've known for weeks, Crawford, and I haven't said anything because I was hoping you'd see the trouble you could not only put her in, but also yourself. You are risking her future career here by doing this."

"Professor Graham, I can help. I've already built a solid profile," Lass tried to say.

"So have I," Will stated, shoving a file he'd made into Jack's hands. "It was easy, and best of all, not done illegally."

Crawford opened the file and looked over Will's comments. Photos clipped to papers, red marker used to circle important facts and notes made.

"Wow," was all he could say.

Will then looked to Lass, who was pouting. "I know you want to prove yourself. You're talented and brilliant at what you do, with a glowing record in many fields, but you are only a trainee. If the higher ups find out, you'll be kicked out of here and you won't be allowed back in. If something happens to you, Crawford's job is on the line. And if Freddie Lounds manages to catch any wind of what is going on, can you imagine the hell she'll drudge up for the FBI as a whole?"

Both the woman, and Crawford took a simultaneous deep breath, accepting the truth of his words. And he was right. TattleCrime made a living out of drudging up the problems in the FBI and giving them more ammunition would not benefit anyone in any way.

Crawford looked over Will's file again, a new light in his eye. "This is pretty detailed. I could probably get you in on the case as a Special Agent."

Frowning, Will considered it. It would bring him closer to the action, but did he really want to do it?

Did he *really* want a front row seat to the art?

Yes.

"Fine," he relented, trying not to seem pleased at the sudden revelation.

What was the worst that could happen?

The Ripper held a certain amount of class to him. He was a man older than Will by at least a decade, with a lot of experience. A former surgeon with a love of the arts.

His murders were works of art, depicting what he truly thought about his victims. Pigs, the lot of them.

Will personally didn't believe any of them deserved all the work the man went through just to present them. Didn't deserve the beauty given to them. Yet the fact that the man would do so was impressive. That he had such vision was remarkable.

He was dark. Terrifying, yet still beautiful in a way.

Rarely did people manage to be both. This was what drew Will into the man's web in a sense. That dark beauty.

But the Ripper wasn't just 'people'. He was more. Larger than life itself. A man. A monster. An artist.

The Ripper sought an audience. He wanted attention. He wanted someone to see. And Will saw. He understood it all.

The drawback of being a genius in anything, was when you didn't have anyone who appreciated you and your skills. Genius needed an audience, and the Ripper was seeking one.

And now he had one. An audience of one. But Will certainly was enough.

“Since you’re having a bit of trouble with profiling this killer, I decided to bring in a renowned psychiatrist to help us. He’s won many awards for his discoveries and research. He’s very nice, and doesn’t seem pretentious like many psychiatrists I’ve met. I think you’ll like him.”

Will highly doubted that, but who was he to judge without knowing? Maybe this one time, he would actually like the psychiatrist in question.

Jack opened the door to his office, revealing a face that Will didn’t think he’d ever see again.

Hannibal Lecter was sitting in the office, dressed in casual wear. A simple tan sweater over khaki trousers. His suit coat was a light shade of brown. Not the fancy suit Will had last seen him in, but still nice. His hair was a little longer as well, and was parted to the side like last time. He looked unassuming and innocent. An act if Will ever saw one.

The man turned to look at them, and the recognition in his eyes was enough for Will. A thrill ran up Will’s spine.

The man was still the same. However this time, Will was stunningly aware of his attraction to the man.

Person suit was perfectly in place. A dark sort of beauty beneath it.

“Hello, Will,” the man said, a smile on his lips.

Confident this time, Will smiled back and said, “Hello, Hannibal.”

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Good old coffee!

Chapter Notes

I honestly can't believe I wrote at least a 7,000 word story in only 3 hours. As I was going through the chapters, I was shocked at how much I managed to slip in-in so few words.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Will was intensely aware of Hannibal sitting beside him. The entire time. The way the man sat, breathed, and even the way he spoke, demanded Will's attention.

Will was usually rude to people or just didn't answer when they spoke, but this man. This man was the one to help him when he was ill. He had been kind to Will. He had given Will several small life lessons in those three weeks. He'd inspired Will to become who he was.

Hannibal had even cooked for him! Of course Will would treat him differently.

So Will sat in Jack Crawford's office and bounced ideas around with the two men, much more open than he had ever been before. Usually he didn't like psychiatrists, but Hannibal was different. Hannibal wasn't a psychiatrist the last time they had spoken. Hannibal was just Hannibal.

And Hannibal didn't try prying, which Will was grateful for. The man focused solely on the killer at hand, and smiled at Will's observations here and there. They talked only about the

Minnesota Shrike and nothing else but his possible motives. Nothing invasive. Nothing discomforting.

“He tucked her in though,” said Will. “He felt bad. She wasn’t right, she didn’t fit what he was looking for. It’s more than just the meat being bad.”

“What *is* he looking for, Will?” asked Jack. “What could he possible want these girls for other than to eat them?”

Will sighed, unable to make the leap like he normally did. “He goes through an elaborate process to choose them. I know that. And his process usually works, but for some reason, this one failed. Because he didn’t find out that she had cancer.”

“Perhaps,” Hannibal began, “they resemble someone he knows personally?”

And just like that, Will had it.

“He has a daughter the same age. She’s leaving him. Going away for college maybe. He can’t stand the thought of her leaving, so he’s substituting. In a way, keeping her with him forever, while keeping her away at the same time.”

Hannibal nodded along, and Jack grimaced in disgust.

“Love can make us do many things, be they good or bad,” said Hannibal. “Love influenced by obsession and possession, is a dangerous thing.”

A dangerously beautiful thing in some instances.

“Beverly discovered a piece of metal piping on Elise Nichols’ body. She’s been running a scan to see which places in Minnesota work with such material. We’ll get this son of a bitch soon.”

“It’s good to see you again, Will,” said Hannibal when they left the office together. The man was smiling, and not in the fake way that he had for Jack. This was the real one that only seemed to pop up around Will.

“You too,” Will murmured, putting his glasses on and pushing them so that they rested on the bridge on his nose, in the center. Making obtaining eye contact with him fairly difficult for others.

“If it isn’t too forward, would you like to join me for coffee?”

Will sent the man a smirk. “I would love to.”

“Come.”

The rich quality to the man’s voice sent shivers down his spine. Will followed however, and let the man lead him to the parking lot, where a black Bentley was parked in the visitor’s section.

Hannibal even went so far as to open the door for Will. Such a gentleman.

In the car, Hannibal's CD player started playing a new song. It was quiet and calm, and Will's head bobbed along with the crests in the music.

"Do you know the song?" asked Hannibal when they stopped at a light.

"L'amour est un oiseau rebelle," Will said, tongue curling around the words easily. His French a lot better than his father's had been.

"*Very good*," Hannibal almost purred, looking pleased.

"Do you like the opera?" asked Will. "I wouldn't be surprised. You're a classy man with expensive tastes."

"I find nothing wrong in taking pleasure in life's gifts. The arts are such an important part of our history, as well as our future."

True.

"What made you become a psychiatrist? You were a great surgeon. I heard the woman talking about your skills often. They had nothing but glowing praise for you. Though maybe some of it was just because you were the hot, young doctor."

Hannibal's mouth curled a little at Will's teasing. "Many of them *were* biased toward me, yes. However, I had been contemplating changing careers for a while, and am only glad I have done so. None of my patients have died thus far and I got to see you once again."

It wasn't really an answer. Will could tell immediately that the man was avoiding it. He was good at redirecting, but Will was better. If Hannibal didn't want to admit it, Will certainly would do it for him. "You don't hold perfect control when you're an E.R. surgeon. Death is always a possibility. Besides, I don't think them dying was what bothered you."

"Oh?" Hannibal asked, placing the car in park and sending him a curious look. "What bothered me then?"

"You like having control," Will told him. "I noticed it easily when we met. When someone wrestles even a bit of the control from you, you become dispassionate and hardened. So not being able to have control over what was going on, frustrated you on some deep level. As a psychiatrist, you hold a certain amount of control over your space and how people perceive you.

"Your person suit is looking as sharp as ever, I see."

Will closed the car door carefully as he waited for Hannibal to join him.

"Yet it never fooled *you*."

Hannibal's voice had taken on an almost dangerous undertone.

“No,” Will agreed. “Then again, I see the truth whereas others see only what they want to see. You are more than a man, but less than a god. Not that you’d *want* to be a god in the first place.”

Hannibal’s lips twitched.

“I find your assertions to be hard to contest, dear Will.”

Will Graham hadn’t changed much, though the boy was much taller, rivaling Hannibal in height. However, he was leaner in frame, his shoulders nowhere near the width of Hannibal’s. He’d fit easily within Hannibal’s arms, the man noted.

Unlike his father before him, he was not sporting any facial hair. Though if this was because he couldn’t grow any, or because he didn’t want to, Hannibal didn’t know. He looked young however. Not the twenty-eight years his file said he was.

Still, this opened up new avenues for Hannibal to work with. Now that Will was back within his scope, Hannibal wondered just what their re-acquaintance would be like. And if he would have any control like he had years ago. Will seemed capable of reading him like a book.

They ordered their coffee, and found a secluded table in the back of the shop.

Will looked adorable, his curls still flopping everywhere when he moved even the slightest inch. Eyes alight with curiosity beneath hideous glasses used to shield him from the world. Though Hannibal understood it was more to avoid people than because he was scared of them.

“Jack told me that you teach at the Academy,” Hannibal said, hoping to start off on a normal conversation.

“Yeah. Profiling is what I’m good at. We’ve been discussing the much talked about Chesapeake Ripper lately.”

Hannibal’s interest spiked, as well his survival instinct. Will had just opened the can and this was no longer a simple conversation.

“I *had* read TattleCrime’s posts about him. Have you any ideas?”

Will’s hands tightened around his cup. “A gentleman to the world. Enjoys fine things such as art and music. Smart, and has certainly killed more than those he claims as the Ripper. Former surgeon, with a flare for the dramatic.”

Will stirred his coffee and took a sip. “He wants an audience. But more than all of that, he wants someone to *understand*. It must be so hard, being like him. Accomplishing what he does, and having no one who can appreciate it for what it is.”

Breath almost caught in his lungs, Hannibal managed to ask, “*And what is it*?”

“Art.”

Hannibal’s heart could have exploded out of his chest.

Will was perfection walking and Hannibal wanted to possess every inch of the boy.

He knew it had been smart to help him instead of letting him suffer. Hannibal's foresight had paid off.

Now to reel him in.

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

L’amour est un oiseau rebelle- love is a rebellious bird(a.k.a. Habanera.)

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Progress and then...

Chapter Notes

Getting closer and then shit happens.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

In the weeks following the arrest of the Minnesota Shrike and his daughter, Will found that he had a lot of free time on his hands. Now that the cannibal and his assistant daughter were on trial, he was free to himself for the time being.

And yes, he felt kind of bad for the girl. She was protecting herself in the end. Trying to find a way out. However, she was an accomplice to murder and there was literally nothing in Will that cared enough about her to fake a story for her benefit. Too much effort.

Will wasn't ready to tie himself to more people. He had enough in his life at present.

Thankfully in that time, he'd gotten to know Hannibal on a much closer level than doctor/patient required. Their conversations always brought about such interesting thoughts and feelings.

Hannibal was unique, that was for sure.

Also, the man made a mean sandwich.

Surprising Will at work with the light excuse that he was ‘visiting someone’ and had 'decided to see him as well', while holding a bag full of food. Of course Will knew what he was doing, though he might not understand the motive too much. Still, it was nice that someone thought of him enough to go through the trouble to make him something and then drive about an hour to feed him.

Maybe he could pay the man back with some fish later on?

Hannibal had invited him over for dinner the upcoming weekend.

And how could Will resist?

Not when Hannibal was so generous to invite him to sample some food that no doubt came from heaven. Or something close to it at least, since Hannibal didn’t strive for divinity like others did.

The Chesapeake Ripper’s recent sounder came swiftly, and all at once. Will hadn’t been expecting it, but there it was. All three victims positioned beside one another, arms linked and hands together with their palms up.

In said palms, were their own hearts that had been carefully cleaned and painted gold. With actual gold lacquer.

Finally, their dresses, which were as white as freshly fallen snow, had been dyed up to the waists in their own blood.

It was a gruesome picture, and yet Will’s breath was taken anyway.

The Ripper had found someone to court. Even serial killers found romance before Will.

Not fair.

“You seem happier, Hannibal.”

He was.

Hannibal crossed his leg and folded his hands on his lap. He was *much* happier now.

The young boy he’d helped had become a man. And a very interesting one at that. A man that Hannibal couldn't wait to draw into his world and keep him there.

To possess him.

“I find myself considering friendship and what it means.”

Bedelia’s eyes sparked with interest. She was a good psychiatrist. She knew how to pick through his words. “Is there someone knew in your life?”

“More like an old acquaintance from years ago, has suddenly returned. He’s grown up and I find myself even more intrigued than before,” Hannibal admitted. “He has an empathy disorder, making it easy for him to think like others. You, me, the killers he works on catching.”

Bedelia was silent for a moment. “It’s nice when somebody sees us, Hannibal. Or has the ability to see us. Can he see *you*?”

“Better than others. I was… unprepared for the reminder. Yet I can’t help but be amazed and want to see and hear more.”

Bedelia stood and went to pour them some wine. “We often want what isn’t within our reach. This seems to be… fate, that you would meet each other again however.”

“He said that I wear a ‘person suit’, and that what lurks beneath is ‘striking and terrifying, yet beautiful all the same’.”

“He *does* know you pretty well then. You wish to become his friend?”

“I wish for something. If friendship is all that comes of it, I will be happy either way.”

“It seems you’ve found someone worthy of your friendship. Cheers.”

He accepted the glass of wine, and tapped it against her own glass in response.

Hannibal’s home was large and opulent. Will shouldn't have been surprised really. The man was the personification of high class.

Hannibal greeted him at the door, smile warm and inviting. He didn’t pretend with Will. He didn't have to. And Will liked that he didn’t try to either.

“Hello, Will. You’re right on time.”

Hannibal took his coat and Will was not oblivious to the almost stroke of the hand down his back. He chose not to comment on it though. Let Hannibal make of that what he could.

Neither he nor Hannibal were ready for that talk... yet.

Maybe later. Yes, later was good.

“I put a lot of thought into this evening’s meal, so forgive me if it might seem to be too much at once. I find myself wanting to impress you.”

Hannibal looked almost baffled by his own words. As if he hadn’t meant to say them, or that he couldn’t believe how true they were. Hannibal was truly not used to liking someone so much that he wanted to impress them with everything he had.

It was kind of adorable.

“You impress me by being yourself. You don’t need to work hard. I like you as you are.”

Hannibal’s eyes dilated with that revelation, and Will flushed, realizing just how his words could be taken. He wouldn’t take them back though. Not with how Hannibal was now looking at him.

“I can honestly say the same about you, dear Will.”

He had become ‘dear Will’ now. Things were moving fast, yet it seemed inevitable. And he wasn’t so sure he minded. He liked what Hannibal preferred to call him. With familiarity that he didn’t show with others.

Hannibal lead him in a spacious dining room that was decorated in dark colors with rich tones. He was placed to the right of the place setting at the head of the table. Hannibal’s right hand. The symbolism wasn’t lost on him.

“I shall return momentarily.”

Hannibal did so, bringing two plates with him that had been decorated to the extreme. Will felt like he was seated in a five star restaurant. And Hannibal leaned over him just so, in order to grab the wine and pour it for him.

The man smelled good, Will noticed. Very good.

The food began with a Mediterranean salad that bounced between tangy to sweet on the tongue. Definitely some form of oil was used as well. There was a hint of smokiness to it.

The main dish, which was an elaborate display of what Hannibal called ‘pork’, was delicious. He couldn’t remember the entire name, for it was in Italian, but he didn’t care about the name. The presentation was lovely, and the taste divine. Hannibal had truly given this his all.

“I honestly don’t think I’ll ever be able to stand eating any other food ever again,” Will said, nearly moaning around the last bite.

Hannibal smirked, obviously proud of himself. “I suppose the only way to rectify the problem is to have you come to dinner more often.”

“Are you flirting with me, Dr. Lecter?”

“Isn’t it obvious?”

Will drank the rest of his wine and nodded. “Frightfully so, I’m afraid.”

“Perhaps I should be more discreet?” Hannibal offered, a small smile on his lips.

“Discretion won’t work on me, doctor, but I appreciate the effort.”

When Hannibal stood to take the dishes in, Will joined him. He wasn’t one for sitting around and letting others do the work.

The blond smiled and thanked him for the assistance, and together, the two carefully tended to the dishes until everything was spotless. Hannibal washing and Will drying. Very domestic. Very surreal in a sense.

Will found that he liked it.

“If you’d like to adjourn to the study, we can take our dessert in there.”

Hannibal took a large, silver tray from the fridge, which already had two crystal bowls and two spoons resting atop it, and gestured for him to follow.

The man’s office was enormous, much like all the other rooms Will had already seen. There was a bookshelf that wrapped around the entire length of the room. A personal library. He wanted to lock himself inside until he had finished every page.

Hannibal set the tray down on his desk and started fiddling with the fireplace.

Will’s eyes drifted from table to table, where random sketches were placed.

He lifted the nearby stack, taking in the perfect rendition of the Eiffel Tower, and then an almost perfect sketch of him when he was younger. While a little unnerved, he pressed onward, and found himself staring at a familiar picture.

His picture. The drawing he had made of Hannibal’s true self. A creature with skin as black as night, and demonic antlers that reached out past the edges of the paper. A being of control and persuasion. Exactly like Hannibal. And Hannibal still reminded him of this picture.

Moving that to the side, Will came face to face with a very familiar face and design.

It was a part of many papers that he’d assigned personally.

The Wound Man. But not the original. It was a perfect rendition of one of the Ripper’s earlier kills. Jeremy Olmstead.

An incredibly detailed rendering of the man actually.

The scar was even right.

His head tilted at that. No one but those in the BAU and those privy to the photographs had seen that scar. It was in an out-of-the-way area on the man’s body. Not something everyone knew about, nor would they remember it, so inconsequential as it was.

The Chesapeake Ripper. ‘*A gentleman to the world. Enjoys fine things such as art and music. Smart, and has certainly killed more than those he claims as the Ripper. Former surgeon, with a flare for the dramatic.*’

Will’s eyes went wide with realization.

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Some pain. Some sexiness. Some fluff.

Chapter Notes

Stuff happens.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Will turned just in time to duck under the hand that made to grab him. Reaching up, he grabbed Hannibal's outstretched wrist, placed a hand on his shoulder, and twisted it to the side roughly. The man's shoulder popped out of socket, giving Will a chance to slip around him and gather distance.

He was much closer to the door now.

"Such a smart boy, Will," Hannibal praised, voice like liquid sex. Without pause, he popped his shoulder back into place like it was nothing, making Will wince.

Will had dislocated his shoulder once and not only was it painful, but it took months to completely heal before he had full mobility of his arm once again. And there Hannibal was, acting as if it was a simple inconvenience. Nothing important to pay attention to. God, the nonchalance was hot. And now that his hair was flopping in his eyes, he looked ten times dangerous.

Will admittedly found that kind of hot as well.

“I knew there was a chance you’d realize it at some point, but I wanted to see for myself just how good you are. Though I admit that I wanted this to happen at a much later date.”

“What do you do with the organs?” Will asked, unconcerned with the fact that Hannibal was a killer. In fact, the entire revelation suited his manner well. But Will hadn’t been able to determine just what he was doing with the organs he took. And for Will, not being able to understand something was rare and annoying.

Hannibal’s hair that had come out of its hold when he’d moved, looked dark brown in the light of the fire, making him look almost feral. There was an orange glow on his skin. His eyes were hooded and looked dangerous. As if ready to fight for survival.

“What does *anyone* do with a slaughtered pig?” the man asked casually.

And then it hit him. Eat them. Hannibal, the Chesapeake Ripper, cooked and ate his victims. Hannibal was a cannibal.

Thinking back on the notes he’d personally made on the Ripper, he had to admit that it really didn’t shock him now that he knew.

His nose wrinkled. “It’s rude to feed people long pig without their permission.”

And suddenly, the threat in Hannibal’s eyes died away. He looked confused… and hopeful.

“Are you not going to fight to escape?” the man asked, taking a step closer, in which Will stepped back just as quickly. The distance remained the same between them.

“Do you plan on killing me?”

“I don’t *want* to,” said Hannibal. And it was truth. Will could see it in his eyes, and practically feel it oozing from the man’s pores. He did not want to kill Will, but he would if it meant his own survival would be ensured.

“And I don’t want to die. However, there’s this whole thing with you being a killer and me being the guy assigned to catch you, you understand?”

They stood there, eyeing each other up, though Will’s eyeing was certainly filled with more lust than Hannibal’s. But Will could afford to be aroused right now.

“Lie,” Hannibal finally said.

“Give me a *reason* to lie,” challenged Will. Will had lied about a lot of things in his life. What was one more lie? But Hannibal had to work for it.

Hannibal stalked forward until they were chest to chest. Will’s heartbeat was pounding in his ears and he could feel the adrenaline making his excitement soar. Hannibal could probably kill him with his bare hands, and Will found the thought to be the most erotic thing he’d ever considered.

There had to be something wrong with him.

Hannibal's nostrils expanded and those eyes dilated instantly.

"Naughty, boy."

The man lunged forward, wrapping a firm hand into Will's hair and drawing him in with a strong grip. Will went easily, knowing that fighting it would be pointless. Hannibal liked being in control, and Will liked giving it away. And the thought of the blond having control over him was hot.

The man was almost punishing as he kissed Will, forcing his tongue into the young professor's mouth. His other hand wrapped around Will's waist, pulling him in and keeping him prisoner. He felt small at the moment, which wasn't something he was used to. Small and malleable.

Hannibal backed him up into a sofa, and pushed him down. The doctor's skilled hands pinned the younger man easily. Hannibal's eyes were alight with unknown emotion.

"I would love nothing more than to take you."

"*Yesssssss*!" Will moaned, rubbing up against the stronger man's body.

"But you will be mine, Will. Only mine. And I will continue to kill, as well as kill anyone that so much as *looks* at you with desire."

God, yes! Yes yes yes yes *yesyesyesyesyesyesyesyes*!

Will didn't know why but the words sparked something hot inside of him. To know that Hannibal felt so possessive over him that he would kill anyone for him. Just to prove his feelings. It was a sick and twisted promise. And Will loved it anyway.

It was more touching than receiving a card that said 'I love you'. More meaningful to his dark mind than anything he'd ever heard.

Distantly, his mind traveled back to the Ripper murder he saw the other day. The Ripper had found someone to court. And that someone was Will. That crime scene had been for Will. A beautiful gift.

Will's morals needed some serious work. Or perhaps they were fine as they were. God only knows what he'd be like if he felt more compassion for others. Probably twitchy and incapable of holding basic conversation with anyone.

"I might need more convincing," he hinted.

Hannibal stepped back and hauled Will off the sofa until he was situated in the man's arms. He ignored Will's protests at the position and took him upstairs to the bedroom, where Will was dropped on Egyptian Cotton. The fabric was heaven against the revealed parts of his heated skin.

The room was vast, as expected, and seemed more in tune with Hannibal's temperament than any other place in the house except the kitchen. Hannibal obviously prized his kitchen above

everything else. But this room spoke more of Hannibal's desires than anything else in the great museum he called a home.

"I'm going to possess every inch of you, dear Will. Nothing of you won't belong to me."

Hannibal's words ignited a fire in Will, and the heat in his body begged to be sated. Will reached for the man, wanting Hannibal to prove his words. He wanted to be persuaded so badly, and he probably shouldn't.

But who cared? This was Will's life and his decisions. And yes they would impact other lives and other people's decisions, but then again he didn't care. Hannibal had taught him that people 'weren't worth his time' if they couldn't accept him as he was. And as most of the people he'd ever met were like that, Will didn't feel any guilt.

"My beautiful boy." The tone was fond and made Will feel special.

Hannibal descended, his suit coat having been cast aside earlier. The man's vest was open already and his cuff links deposited on the nightstand.

He looked rough, and Will wanted to help strip away that almost perfect façade of his. Take away the control the man so desperately craved. Make him want.

Surging off the bed, Will wrapped his arms around the man's shoulders and brought him down, turning them over so Will was on top.

"Dr. Lecter, I think you need to work on your speed. Your old age is slowing you down a bit," he purred in the man's ear.

A growl was his response, and Hannibal went so far as to tear Will's shirt off. Without even thinking about it, the man had rent the fabric easily. Then those warm hands trailed over his bare back and latched onto his curls once again to draw him in for another possession. Because that was what it was. A possession of Will.

What a dirty old man Hannibal was.

Hannibal turned them over easily, his larger form practically caging Will in. Will struggled to pull his pants off, wanting to get to what both he and Hannibal had been thinking about all evening.

The man practically ripped them off Will's legs and leaned down to bury his face in the fabric that covered Will's cock. It was hasty, and dirty, but Will didn't mind.

"Fuck me, Dr. Lecter."

He did. Slowly and methodically, with a skill that Will hadn't expected be appreciated all the same, hand wrapped firmly around Will's throat in a show of dominance that Will gladly encouraged.

It was fantastic!

“Next time, fuck me with your clothes on. It’s such a nice mental image,” Will murmured into Hannibal’s chest chair, nuzzling the man’s pectoral muscle.

“Anything you want, dear Will. Anything at all.”

“I want *you*.”

“And you have me.”

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

A fluffy end.

Chapter Notes

This was fun! And to think, I literally wrote this whole fic in a few hours! Props to me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

When Will awoke that morning, he found himself very comfortably held within the cage of Hannibal's arms. The older man's face was buried in his curls and his breathing was even. Will didn't know if he was awake or not, but he didn't feel like moving.

It had been the best night of sleep he'd ever had. He actually felt well rested now!

"Good morning," Hannibal's voice sounded lowly in his ear, not at all rough with sleep. So perhaps the man was already awake.

"Mmm."

He didn't feel like talking yet. Cuddling was good. And he'd forever hold it over the man's head that he liked to cuddle.

"If you are amenable, I would like to cook you breakfast."

Will gave in, and stretched, arms above his head. Hannibal's own arms trailed down his back lightly, fingers brushing against Will's slightly bruised, naked skin.

“Who are we eating?”

A huff of laughter against his head told him that Hannibal wasn’t offended.

“A particularly rude teenager who nearly hit a pregnant woman who pushing a pram across the street.”

Will scowled.

“Was she alive as you harvested your meat?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

“It’s another Ripper murder.”

Will had been ready to dismiss Zeller’s words, simply because the man *always* thought the killer was the Ripper. However, when he got a good look at the crime scene, he could indeed agree, that this was Hannibal’s work.

The Chesapeake Ripper was gloating. He’d found a lover and was very pleased with himself.

Will carefully explained what he ‘saw’ to Jack, allowing the man to curse up a storm as Will silently appreciated the beautiful gift that Hannibal had left for him.

It was touching, how someone so dark and twisted wanted him, and didn’t for a second think that he was broken and needed to be fixed.

Hannibal wanted him as he was.

And the obsession was returned wholeheartedly. It might not be love. Not yet at least, but it was certainly powerful and unbreakable.

However, such blatant acts were not sustainable. And one way or another, Hannibal would eventually slip up and get caught. Will couldn’t afford to lose him. Not the one person who wanted him for who he was.

Hannibal's arms were warm, and Will took comfort in them even as the man leaned around him in order to instruct him on how to make a proper cut.

It was an interesting lesson to say the least, though Will’s mind was focused more on the fact that his lover was rubbing against him, than the meat he was trying to cut up.

Hannibal’s mouth trailed over the back of his neck as he whispered praises in Will’s ear. Praises for how well he was doing and how beautiful he looked, holding the knife so confidently. How Hannibal wanted to see what he looked like covered in the blood of his prey.

It was all very erotic in a sense, and Will knew that it was now or never that he would have to bring up his concerns.

And Hannibal was a survivor, so it shouldn't be hard to convince him that Will's plan was the best.

"I don't get how this is so difficult. Just blame Chilton. He's easy to manipulate."

Hannibal paused in his eating. Will's idea had merit.

"I get to keep my job for the next few years while we put the Ripper away. In the meantime, you don't need to set up your art so much, because you finally have someone who understands you. So anything you do will be for me and *only* me."

Ah, Will's greed was showing a bit. It made Hannibal smile, to know that Will was just as possessive over him.

"Why can't I just continue as I am?" he asked, not wanting the Ripper to die just yet. It was fun.

"Because I like my job and I want to keep it without having to lie for you. It's easier this way. For me at least. And once the hype has settled down and things would no longer be considered suspicious, we can move to Florence like you've been dreaming, and you can continue being Il Mostro."

His darling Will was so special and Hannibal adored his mind all the more every time he opened his mouth. He'd even worked out Hannibal's former occupation all on his own.

Also, he'd been missing Florence. Florence was what made him the man willing to help Will. He considered Florence a part of who he was as a person. Florence gave him empathy in a way.

"I supposed I *could* do it, if you can persuade me."

Will smirked, and slipped from his chair, moving to straddle Hannibal who was liking the change in direction.

"Dr. Lecter, haven't you learned already that I am a master of persuasion?"

Will ground his hips against Hannibal's, his ass brushing against his lover's cock.

"Mmmmm. So you've demonstrated. However, I might require another demonstration, just to be certain."

Hannibal stood then, abandoning his lunch in order to spread Will out on the counter.

Yes, *this* was much more preferable.

"Chilton hit on me the other day."

Hannibal stiffened at the revelation, and felt the burning need to lay claim to Will, rising over him. And then the desire to slowly torture Chilton to death rose along within it.

Once he was finished making sure that Will knew whom he belonged to, he'd deal with Frederick.

"You're mine," the man growled possessively.

"Only if you're mine."

Yes. He enjoyed that thought immensely. Belonging to one another.

"Even in the darkness?" he asked as he proceeded to leave a ring of red marks around the man's throat, laying a claim for all to see. "Where there is no light for either of us?"

"Who needs light when he have each other? And I don't fear the darkness, because you're right beside me," said Will, resting a hand on Hannibal's cheek. "And it's beautiful."

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

End Notes

How was it?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!